

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE PHYSICIAN OF THE PERIOD.

HE HAS ORDINARY AND INEXPENSIVE AILMENTS FOR ORDINARY PATIENTS AND HIGH-SOUNDING AND COSTLY MALADIES FOR THE RICH.



HIS VISIT TO THE METROPOLIS.

"Yes," said Uncle Backwoods, "I've been to New York, an' a fine place it is, I can tell you."

"What did you see?"



"Well, there was the Prospect Park — fine, big place, with lots of trees and grass an' music an' a lake with boats an' a merry-go-round an' sech things; and there was Greenwood Cemetery — finest buryin' ground in the world, they told me, an' I guess it's true; an' there was lots of fine, big buildin's — the Pratt Institute an' the Eagle Buildin' — I can't think of the names of half of them — an' some elegant streets like Montague Street an' Clinton Avenue an' a lot more; an' there's a big, long road for bicycles — Ocean Parkway, I believe they call it — an' it beats anything I ever seen since I was born; an' them big drygoods stores on Fulton Street — well, it's no use talkin', but New York is a great place, sure. They took me to the theayter — Hyde and Behman's, the name of it was — an' the show, I tell you, was the best thing in the hull trip. They was goin' to bring me across the Bridge to show me the other side of the city, but I did n't have time to go."

IN CUBA.

FIRST INSURGENT. — It appears from these captured papers that you were killed only twice last month.

SECOND INSURGENT. — Is that all? My personal death rate shows a gratifying improvement.

A DEFINITION.

JOHNNY. — Papa, what is a pessimist?

PAPA. — Oh! he's a man who is afraid Bryan will be the next President.

DOUBTFUL.

FIRST CITIZEN. — There's a good deal of talk about cheaper gas.

SECOND CITIZEN. — Yes; I hope it is n't all gas.

AMPLE CAUSE.

HE. — Did she say why she left her last place?

SHE. — Why, the woman she lived with sneered at the wheel she rides!

TAKING UP HIS TIME.

"I understand that the Poet Laureate is being besieged by applicants for autographs."

"Perhaps there is a conspiracy to keep him from writing any more poetry."

UNCLE BOB'S EXPERIMENT.

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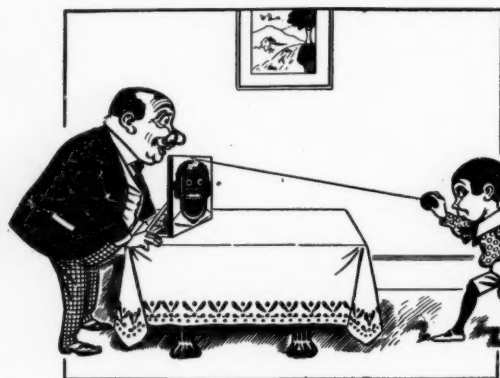
UNCLE BOB. — That boy sets me nearly crazy with that drum. I'll buy him some quiet toy to-day, and perhaps he'll drop the drum.



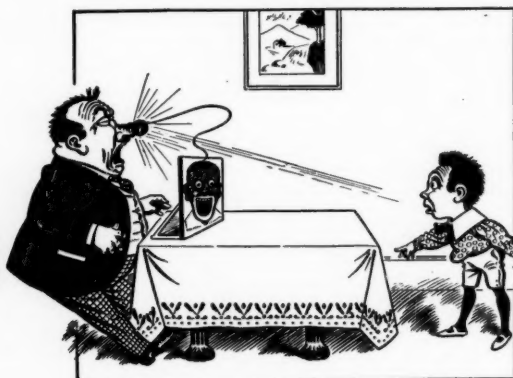
(On his return that evening.) — "See, Willy, I have bought you a new toy. Something that will interest you very much. You will not want your old drum after you see this."



"The ball is attached to a strong piece of elastic. The idea is to pull back the ball this way, and guide it so that when you let it go it will fly into the colored boy's mouth. See? Now try it."



"That's right! Pull it back as far as you can stretch it. That's it! Now let her go!"



"——! ——! ——! ——!"



"Confound it all! Boys ought to be girls, so you could buy doll-babies for them!"

BOBBY'S BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

"Bobby's hen lays an egg a day, and he is crying because he can't take her and go to Alaska."

"I don't see the connection."

"Why, eggs are selling up there at thirty-five dollars a dozen!"

LIBRARIAN. — Are you familiar, sir, with sacred literature?

WOULD-BE ASSISTANT. — Yes, sir; I have only just finished reading a life of Hall Caine.

A PROPER RESPECT for the inevitable is a large factor in worldly success.

Her Buttoned Kids



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WHEN I go to ball or party
With my blue-eyed sweetheart May,
She is always ready, waiting
In her daintiest array;
Hat and jacket, gown and coiffure,
Not a thread nor band amiss,
But she holds her hand out, saying:
"Jack, will you please button this?"

Little hand so soft and dimpled
Nestled closely in her glove,
In my own she puts sedately,
While her white brow frowns above;
Dear, small hand, I softly press it,
(Such things make a lover's bliss!)
How I love to hear her ask me!—
"Jack, will you please button this?"

Blue-eyed fraud! She knows my weakness,
Knows I love to touch her hand,
And she know I know she knows it
When she makes the dear demand;
And although her glove be roomy,
She is not a bit remiss;
With a smile she always murmurs:
"Jack, will you please button this?"
Ellis Parker Butler.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

"I think there will be increased suffering in the Klondike this Winter."
"Why?"
"Well, they say that every new party of gold seekers that arrives brings a fresh batch of popular songs."

A GLASS OF FASHION.

"Hab yo' seen dat new coat ob Sam Jonsing's? I reckon dat am jes' de same kind dat de Prince ob Wales am wearin' jes' now."



"G'wan! What am yo' gibbin' us?"
"Oh, dat 's right! Whenebbah yo' wanter know what de Prince ob Wales am wearin' yo' jes' look at Sam Jonsing when he am dressed up."

UNBEARABLE.

WOMAN LAWYER.—How old are you?
WOMAN WITNESS (*trembling*).—Hussy!

THE RESEMBLANCE.

GRIMSHAW.—That fellow, Puffington's real worth and his private estimate of his own importance remind me of the average young man's Christmas present to his best girl.
ASKINS.—How so?
GRIMSHAW.—Its real cost is about \$1.99, and the price-mark he puts on it is \$27.

VARIATION NO. MDCCCXQW.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Under the mistletoe, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You are certainly slow if you don't," she said.

THE TRUE state of single blessedness is when a couple are truly made one.

HIS AWFUL FATE.

VISITOR (*in Dime Museum*).—Where is the Human Ostrich who was on exhibition here last week?

LECTURER.—The poor fellow ate some of the candy that his little son got off from the Sabbath School Christmas-tree, and died in horrible agony soon after.

EVERY MAN starts out with a certain amount of vanity; and his wisdom may be measured by the rapidity with which the supply increases or diminishes.



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THE BEST PART OF FARMING.

FARMER HAYRAKE (*ecstatically*).—It seems darn good fer ter hev nuthin' ter do all Winter, but take things easy, don't it, Josh?



BY WILLISTON FISH.

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III.—A MUTINY.

MCVAY, SECOND-CLASSMAN at the Military Academy, had just returned from the riding-hall, where dashing work had put him in spirits. His platoon had ridden at hurdles, wrestled on horseback, and charged at high speed singly about the hall, firing pistols and swinging sabres at leather heads. When it came to a traitor's head lying on the left of the trail, McVay's was the only sabre that could unerringly sweep over and knock that traitor about the mazzard. The platoon being at a halt and at strict attention, McVay told more stories than anyone else, for on such occasions he most enjoyed a social chat. He had taken special interest in his feats, because they were performed under the eyes of a lovely being in the visitors' gallery. Young men see lovely beings. McVay had never seen this lovely being before; he thought never to see her again; so there was exhilaration dearly tinged with regret.

In his quarters he found a letter, and a little envelope containing a card bearing the name, *Miss Ruth Lancaster*, with the pencilled address, *West Point Hotel*. He feigned to be unmoved at this mystery, and read the letter, which was from his guardian:—

Dear Albert:—I am greatly worried over this last monthly report. I see that four more demerits for the six months ending this month means dismissal Have just returned from Syracuse. A Miss Lancaster there, a friend of old friend Perry, was to go to New York to meet a cousin, and would stop at West Point. Call on her.

McVay now regarded the card with cold respect. He pulled up his yellow arm-chair, and wrote:—

Dear Guardy:—You are right in thinking that I am running things a little close; but do not worry, as I am right here on the ground to take care of everything.

In the evening he started forlornly for the hotel. "Thank Heaven!" he said to Shaw, his roommate, "that you have no friends, but are as one who is friendless. Schools ought to be protected from these outside influences; this ancient dame will, implant high motives in my heart."

"Why do you say she is old?"

"Oh! wherefore says she not that she is old, and wherefore say not I that I am just? The Lancasters are contemporaries of the Plantagenets."

While McVay sat in the hotel parlor, wearing a look of self-complacency, with which he always beguiled idle moments, Lieutenant Ainé, an army officer stationed at West Point, came into the room. It is the idea of some officers that cadets should wear a look of lugubrious awe, and McVay's complacency was a direct affront to Mr. Ainé, who inquired coldly, "Have you a permit to be here, sir?"

"I have," said McVay, diffidently; "a permit signed by the Commandant and the Superintendent—"

Ainé sat down in a rage. McVay gazed upon him, and wondered at his weak eyes and retreating chin. Mr. Ainé had given McVay many of the demerits which had now brought the cadet to the brink of dismissal. While McVay was thinking genially of reprisals, the same lovely

being of the morning came and stood an instant in the door, and then coming forward, greeted Ainé. "And is this Mr. McVay?" she asked the officer. She turned to the cadet. She was so beautiful and so gracious that McVay, accustomed for the most part only to the forbidding faces of officers, was full of joy to look upon her. His heart dilated with the delicious surprise of being brought by fate, generally untoward, into the presence and very company of the lovely being. He blushed and stammered, not unpleasantly, but from sheer delight. Ruth, who felt a pleasant amazement, too, looked about for Ainé, but the officer, in a panic at the thought of sitting with a cadet, excused himself and went out. McVay drew chairs.

"I suppose," said Ruth, "that you and Mr. Ainé know each other very well."

"Why, we have been here nearly three years together."

"Of course," said Ruth, lightly, "there are restrictions."

They chattered for five minutes, for each was agreeably disappointed and the relief and pleasure were intoxicating. "I saw you in the riding hall this morning," McVay said; and here was five minutes more of talk.

"Mr. Ferris," said Ruth, "gave me a message to you; but I supposed you were boys; it is impertinent to deliver the message."

McVay was looking so intently at the em-bassadress that she had no device but to consider that he insisted on hearing the mes-sage.

"He wanted you to be very careful. 'Sup-pose,' he said, 'that—that Albert—'"

"Ah! He said Albert, and you were keeping it from me."

"Should have to come away now after the time he has spent there, it would break my heart—"

"And what about mine?"

"It would break my heart that I had sent him there to go through all that hardship and nonsense for nothing."

McVay turned fiery-red. "That's guardian. He will be good, and you can't help it."

"Is n't he lovely? Now—if it is not impertinent—we know Mr. Ainé—could n't we have him help you through the month?"

At this McVay laughed superbly; so Ruth laughed, too, and conceived great confidence in McVay.

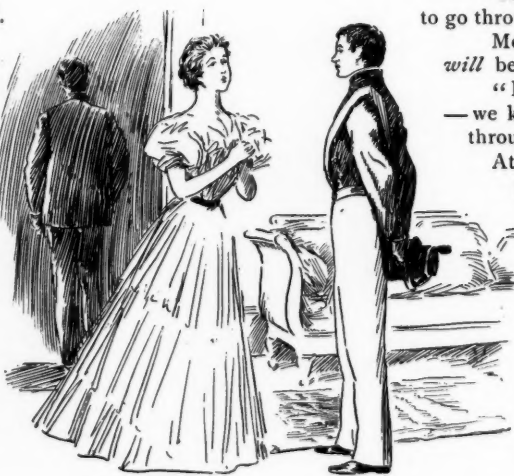
They chatted on till the half-hour allowed cadets was too nearly spent; McVay was late at barracks, and two of his four demerits margin were marked against him.

"Now," he said to Shaw, "I am ready to act." And he carried such discretion into his daily breaches of the rules that he was invulnerable. But one day Shaw came in in despair. "Mack, how did you get that report?" McVay reviewed the criminal calendar of the previous day and said: "Well, which one?"

"Not saluting officer, 4 P. M." It was a foolhardy offense. Even a reckless cadet when

in peril of dismissal will salute every officer in sight, and a cadet of usual caution will keep his arms going like a paper figure on a hot-air pipe. But, "Ho, Ho!" McVay, said; "at that time I was here in this room."

It transpired that the reporting officer was Ainé. "He could n't have been absolutely sure it was me, inasmuch as it was n't," said McVay; "but he took the chance: the pelican grows personal."



During these days the arrangements for the Annual Mutiny were going forward. The orders came from an unknown cadet who made a nihilistic plot. He was presumed to be some leading first-classman, but his identity was his own secret. How he became vested with power no one knew: he was like a king in this respect. The mutiny which breaks out when the tower clock strikes 12 into the drowsy race of New Year's Night is a West Point custom. It is a boyish custom — that is the merit of it. It is meritorious to be a boy at West Point, which is a school of hard studies, hard drills and hard traditions of control where generation after generation maintains all sorts of far-fetched hardships. It is the military idea that the good soldier must be miserable: he is given a heavy helmet, useless against rain or shine, a stiff stock, a position like that of a clothing-house dummy, and marched stiff-footed down the corridors of time looking neither to right nor left.

This year, as all years, the post officers firmly determined to defeat the mutiny. At ten o'clock on New Year's Eve the commandant and the tactical officers assembled in the guard-house where they sat in darkness — on the eve of engagements camp-fires are put out — looking across at barracks with eagle gaze. The cadets — slept. When the slow clock began to strike twelve, the officers went down into the area, congratulating themselves that when they were on guard, mutiny dared not show its mad face. The clock completing the hour, silence fell again over the post. But then a round light showed on the front of the guard-house. It said in black letters suddenly, "If it be not now, yet it will come." While the officers stared, somewhat disconcerted, a gun boomed from the top of barracks; a volley followed from the plain; a deeper volley from the siege battery, and an eruption from the sea-coast battery on the river. The windows of barracks were thrown open, and out burst a dire din. The light on the front of the guard-house continued its sayings: "Oh! dear, what can the Matter be?" "Crabbed Age and Youth Can not Live Together." The officers ran to the barrack doors; they were locked for the first time in the history of the world. The post people turned out and appeared upon the scene like the affrighted populace in a play. Suddenly a part of the sounds was the noise of bugles and of horses' hoofs beating up from the mess hall; a cavalcade appeared: first came wagons filled with youths in cadet dress, who yelled with derision; then wagons filled with strange figures seemingly designed by Merlin. Following all was a T-cart driven by a thin man in the uniform of an officer. Barracks burst with noise. Officers ran through the sally-port to cut off

the miscreants, but they were too late. The cart passed them near at hand. Some of the officers ejaculated "Ainé!" and hurried to Ainé's quarters. The long roll beat. It is an insistent sound which rolls on and on and beats out of the soldier's head all thoughts except to fall in. The corps fell in; rolls were called; all present. The only person actually caught red-handed was Ainé.

Rumors about Ainé flew around the post. He would certainly be dismissed. It made good gossip. In a few days the rumors came to the ears of the Superintendent; he was on the eve of sending for Mr. Ainé for an explanation.

Ruth Lancaster who had returned from New York the day after the affair, came down to the visitors' room at the guard-house to see McVay. She told him what was said of Ainé.

"I was afraid something of this kind might occur," said McVay.

"Is n't it serious?" asked Ruth, relieved at his tone.

"Why, it was n't Ainé!" he replied.

"I know that, of course, but —"

"How did you know it?" said McVay, looking at Ruth with remarkable scrutiny.

She searched his face to see if he would be faithful: "He was with Mama, my cousin and myself in New York."

"Let him say so."

"But — he had no leave of absence, and he can't say where he was."

"The ill-laid plans of mice and men gang aft first-rate. If these officers would only follow the plain regulations."

"Nobody," said Ruth, who had reasoned upon the case, and who, being a woman, was greatly pleased with her logical solution; "nobody except a cadet can explain this for Mr. Ainé; but if the cadet who made your New Year's plans would explain to the Superintendent — I know you are not very friendly with Mr. Ainé, but if you could get the cadet to do this —"

"He shall do it," said McVay, glad to perform more feats before the lovely being.

"Oh! are you sure he will?"

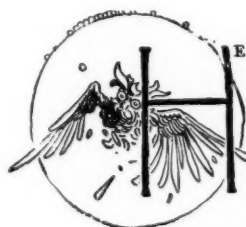
"He will, if I myself have to drag him before the tribunal — I am the cadet."

What a wonderful being was McVay! Only young women find such young men. "It is good of you; it is good of you," said Ruth, "for I know you do not like Mr. Ainé."

"I know; but I bear anger as the street-car stove bears fire. I commute Mr. Ainé's sentence," — he was going to say "to banishment;" but youth is not overbold with lovely beings.



YE QUIPPE MERRIE.



YE HADDE a merrie witte, forsoothe,
As eache knyghte ryghte welle knewe,
Who smarted fromme hys welle shotte shaftes —
Thys foole who ofte spake trewe.
Ande whenne ye Kinge, inne angrie moode,
A knyghte hadde called a swyne,
Because hys aukuarde armoured hande
Hadde mayde to spille some wyne,
Ye foole, inne moste reproachefulle tone,
Hys master tooke to taske —
"Greate Syre," sayde he, "ye ne're didde see
A hogge's hedde inne a casque."

Wood Levette Wilson.

A FAILURE.

FIRST THUG. — Did you try the knock-out drops?

SECOND THUG. — Yes; but they would n't work. The old codger is from New Jersey, and I suppose he's used to applejack.

A SEVERE TEST OF FAITH.

FIRST THEOSOPHIST. — This settles it; I resign from the society.

SECOND THEOSOPHIST. — What's the matter?

FIRST THEOSOPHIST. — Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent, and left a note saying he would try to square up with me in some future existence!

LOOKED AT broadly, woman is always beautiful. Of course, her complexion is liable to suffer more or less if she is looked at narrowly.



WANTED TO KNOW.

SHE. — Have you seen the minister since his return from Europe?

HE. — No; I'm going over some night to find out what he's smuggled.



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FATAL TO A PLEASANT TASK.

SHE.—Yes; that's the new pair of skates Uncle Ned gave me. They're the very latest out.
HE.—I don't like them as well as the old-fashioned strap skates.
SHE.—Why?
HE.—It only takes about thirty seconds to put these on.

SANTA'S SORROW.



I MUST make Santa Claus almost cry
When a-down some chimney tall
He glides unruffled and on the fly
As white as a pop-corn ball,

And hears the wind through the cracked pane grieve
And the squeak of the wainscot mouse,
To learn with his toys he's got to leave
A lonely, deserted house.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A REGULAR FIEND.

"Do you like being under the mistletoe?" he asked, tenderly, just after the thirty-ninth kiss.

She looked into his eyes and sighed. "All I have to say," she murmured, "is that my last dying wish will be to have some of it planted on my grave." Then they resumed.

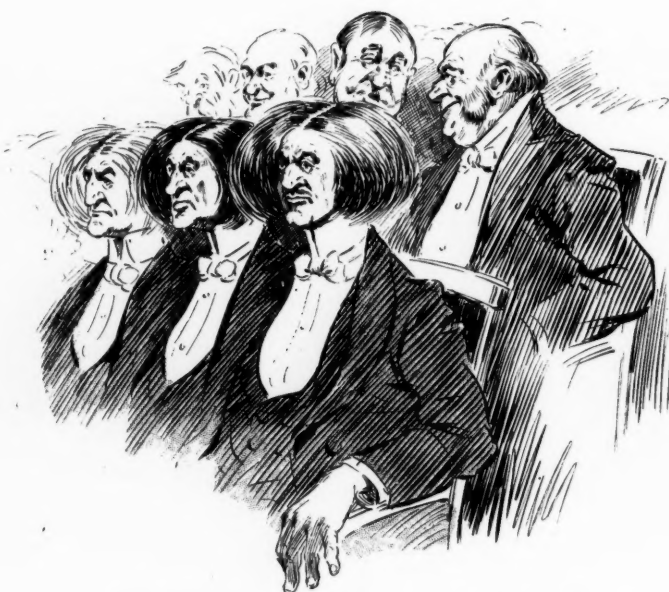
WHY THEY HAD NONE.

JIMMY.—Did n't yer have turkey fer dinner Chris'mus Day?

MAMIE (*crying*).—Naw; Paw went ter a turkey raffle Chris'mus Eve.

A HAIR-RAISING TRAGEDY.

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MR. FIRSTNIGHTER congratulates himself upon the absence of high hats in his line of vision, but—



—he fails to take into consideration the effect of the villain's hair-raising exploits upon the foot-ball players in front of him.



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, December 22, 1897.—No. 1085

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PUCK'S
CHRISTMAS
SERMON.

THE HIGHER criticism has been crusading against the belief in a personal Santa Claus. It has found an indictment against him which it seems to PUCK not improper to consider in this week of the good Saint's coming. The first count in this indictment comes from the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, who says: "I am of the opinion, speaking from a physical standpoint, that children of sensitive natures receive a more or less severe shock at the sight of a grotesque Santa Claus." Suspecting that Dr. Judson had made a mistake in choosing his standpoint, PUCK has interviewed a number of thoughtful and intelligent persons, ranging in age from five to eight years, with the view of ascertaining the worth of his conclusion from the only competent authorities that exist. These interviews disclosed that none of the persons concerned had read Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," nor had any given serious attention to the discoveries of the London Society for Psychical Research; that the appearance of Santa Claus is not regarded by them as supernatural or a breach of known natural laws, but is unquestioningly held to be quite as normal a manifestation as the ministrations of good fairies, and quite as scientifically attested as the fact of the wolf holding speech with Red Riding-hood. Every one of these experts has received for what seems like many years the most indubitable evidence of the existence of Santa Claus. Many of them have been accustomed to send him letters by way of the chimney, which he invariably reads aright, no matter how illegibly they are written. Instances in which he has brought certain important articles in direct response to these letters are too well authenticated by strictly scientific tests to leave any doubt in the minds of these experts of his existence and exceeding goodness. And if additional proof were needed, there are his portraits, which he is seen to resemble with substantial accuracy whenever he makes his appearance. The sight of his actual person, therefore, engaged in stripping a Christmas tree of its delightful fruit, does not shock them except pleasantly and harmlessly.

The second count in the indictment is not so easily refuted; yet argument upon it is in order. As stated by several ministers of the gospel, it is that Santa Claus overshadows the religious teachings of the Church, that he obscures in the mind of the child the deep and holy significance of Christmas Day. One denounces him as a "Pagan rite," another as "a worn-out superstition." Says Dr. John Hall: "Santa Claus is merely an old tradition. His great specialty is the bringing of gifts. That is his only excuse for living. . . We propose to have our Christmas Day free from this idea of Santa Claus. It is a sacred day, and there is no reason why any secular idea should be mingled with it." Now, in dealing with children, who have grown up and become learned in theology, it is sometimes necessary to be quite as dogmatic as they are. Therefore PUCK would remind Dr. John Hall and his learned and good brethren, that of Him whom they try so earnestly to preach, "His great specialty is the bringing of gifts;" that the bringing of gifts is not a secular idea, but the most sacred thing; that the faith they strive to build up is faith that gifts desired will be brought; that children of all ages need symbols to vitalize their inherent faith and make it manifest; and, finally, that it is said on good authority: "Whoso shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." From which it is plain that we must not only believe in a personal Santa Claus when we are children, but when we are men and women. And from which it is further plain that the higher criticism would better concern himself with Jonah and let Santa Claus alone.

The Church is complaining that it does not receive the support it deserves from the educated masses. The indifference of the ignorant it can

understand, but the defection of the intelligent puzzles it. Where two or three ministers are gathered together they discuss measures for arousing these, who, by all outward signs, should be the elect. They are apt to say it is a materialistic age. But this is not so. Faith was never so rife. If intelligent people leave the Church it is because the Church starves them on academic faith, and they go outside for vital faith of the Santa Claus kind. The Church always gets its due, never more nor less. When it has outlived the savage superstition that God is austere and jealous and formal, that communion with him demands the repression of pleasant human impulses, that to be good is to be uncomfortable, that joy is a trick of Satan and discomfort the mark of spirituality, the people will come back to it. As a help to this end, Santa Claus is invaluable. Symbols are essential to the finite mind and Santa Claus is an apt and beautiful symbol of the faith upon which the life of the Church depends. Santa Claus can do much better without the Church than the Church can do without Santa Claus. Instead of putting him to the door let him be made more of. Let him develop faith in the young and revive it in the old who have grown anæmic on a diet of bloodless dogma. He will revive it in spite of their logic, for faith is a gift and not subject to reason. Let him come often enough and no one will care whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch or whether the whale ate the prophet. He is not only joyous and wholesome and generous with his gifts, but he helps faith in Him "whose great specialty is the bringing of gifts" and "whose only excuse for living" it is and ever has been.

AWAY BACK.

FRIEND.—Then it is not a play of the present day, is it?

PLAYWRIGHT.—Oh, no! The scene is laid in Harlem at the beginning of the Rapid Transit movement.

MOTTO OF THE WEATHER PROPHET—"Guess again."

IT TAKES a hero, warp and woof,
To manage Life's propeller
When Santa Claus is on the roof
And a plumber in the cellar.



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NATURAL SOLICITUDE.

MAIDEN AUNT.—Come, now, Gertie! run off and take your beauty-sleep.

GERTIE.—O Auntie! had n't you better come, too?



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THE JINGO

JINGO (*angrily*).—Look here! What are ye
EUROPEAN BOYS.—We ain't chucking any s
JINGO (*furiously*).—Well, why the devil don

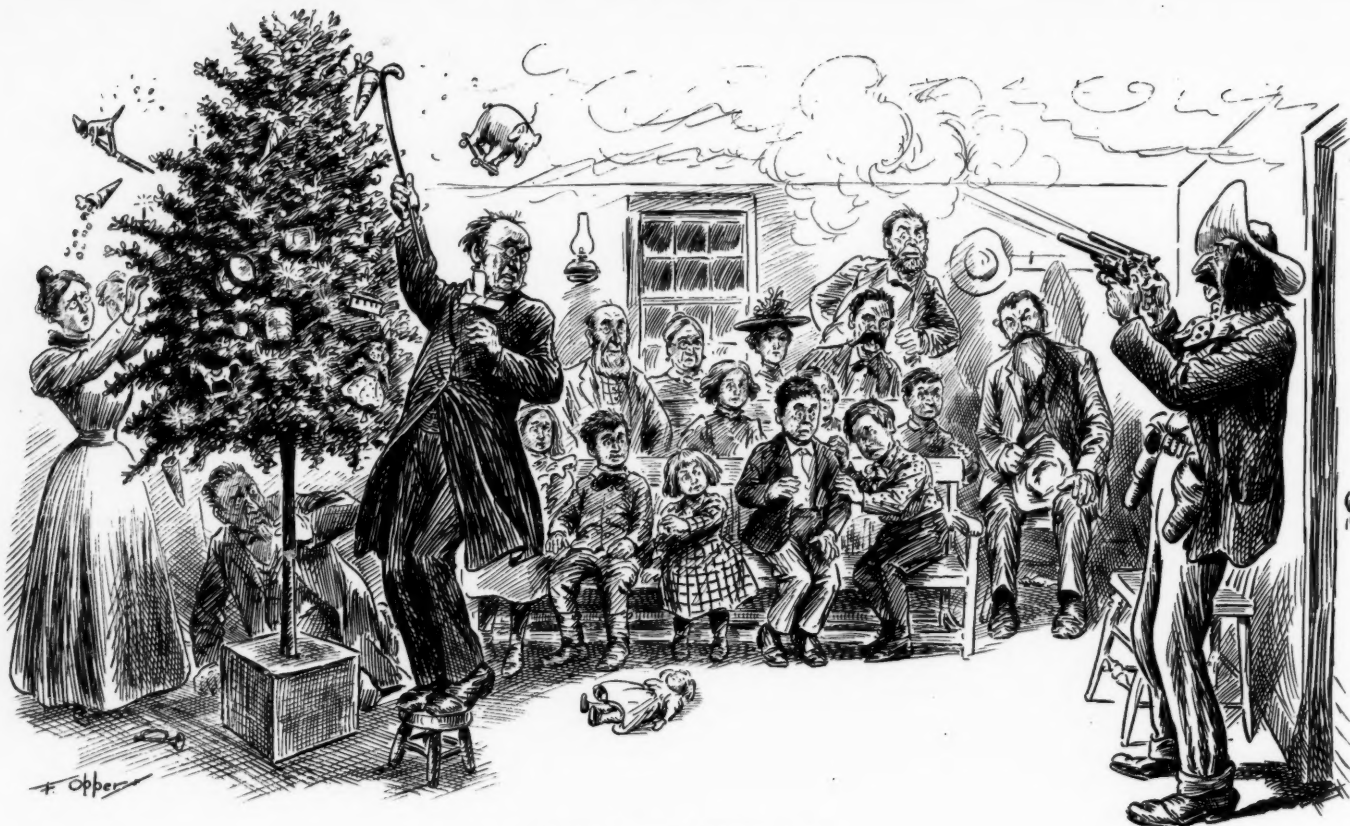
PUCK.



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THE JINGO BULLY.

here! What are you chucking stones at our flag for?
ain't chucking any stones.
, why the devil don't you chuck 'em?



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UNEXPECTED ASSISTANCE.

DERRINGER DAN (who has dropped in to see the Christmas exercises).—Excuse me, gents; but seein' yer wuz hev'in' some trouble gittin' them things off uv ther tree-top, I tho't I'd give yer a lift!



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SWIPESY, THE MISSIONARY.

CHRIS'MUS IS COMIN'! Let 'er come!
I've jined the Mission Band
What sends out clo'es an' grub an' things
To ev'ry heathen land.
I loves them little heathen kids
So sunk in sin an' wrong,
An' I have jined the Mission Band
To help them kids along.
Ya-as, I have jined the Mission Band,
It's jest the thing for me,—
For all who jine, nex' Chris'mus time,
Will git a present. See?

Them heathen kids is low-down mugs,
They lies an' swears an' fights
An' crawls into a hole, like bears,
To go to bed at nights.
I wants to help them kids along,
To better livin' win 'em,
An' I'm perpared to smash the bloke
That says a thing ag'in 'em.

I love them heathen kids, I does,
I've jined the Mission Band,
An' I will git a present. Gee!
Nex' Chris'mus. Understand?

Them heathen kids is wicked things,
An' growin' wuss an' wuss.
I wants to make 'em noble. See?
An' sweet an' good, like us.
I wants to make the gang bang-up,
Jest like us kids are here,
An' elvarte the hull blame crowd
'Way up to our idear;
An' so I've jined the Mission Band,
Me an' me brudder John,
We'll git a present Chris'mus time—
You tumble? Are ye on?

I loves them little heathen kids,
An' though they're mighty tough,
We're goin' to elvarte the scamps,
An' this 'ere ain't no bluff.
We means to make them heathen kids
As good as Buck Magee,
As Swipesy Dugan, Slugger Sam,
Or Guff Malone or me.
An' so we've jined the Mission Band,
Me an' me brudder John,
We'll git a present, Chris'mus time—
You tumble? Are ye on?

Sam Walter Foss.

BORN IN HIM.

BROWN.—Bluview is a confirmed pessimist, is n't he?
JONES.—Yes; I knew him when he was a boy. One Christmas Eve he had a gloomy spell because he happened to think how sorry he'd be when Christmas was over.



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A TEST OF SPEED.

HE.—I suppose the chainless wheel is fast?
SHE.—I suppose so. I wonder how long it will take it to reach the bargain counter!



THROWING.

After all is done and said,
The ordinary maid
Is pretty good at throwing when she tries;—
Just see the dust she's thrown,—
Yes, usually his own,—
Since the dawn of time in man's poor
blinking eyes!

WILLING TO PARTICIPATE.

HIS LORDSHIP.—I am deeply interested in the new gold discoveries.

FRIEND.—You don't think of going to the Klondike, do you?

HIS LORDSHIP.—Oh, no! But I thought of advertising that I should be glad to communicate with any successful miner who

might happen to have an unmarried daughter.

CONSIDERED HIMSELF AN AUTHORITY.

ISAACS.—Did you efer read anyt'ing apoud bolitical egonomy?

COHENSTEIN.—Bolitical egonomy? Vell, I guess I don't need to read pooks to find out apoud any kind of egonomy.



POSITIVE.

CHOLLY.—Are you positive she is not in?

THE MAID.—I am; I'd lose my job if I was n't.

A GRAND OUTLOOK.

"What," exclaimed the passionate minister; "is this life but a preparation? It is but a place to exercise the talents that will be fully developed in the next?"

"Say!" said the scorcher, enthusiastically; "if that is so, I'm going to reform and go above. Just think what time the Bangup wheels will make on the golden track if they are only on a practice heat here!"

"THE WOODS were God's first temples,"

And, ere our age is past,

The mountebanks in pulpits

May make the woods His last.



COMFORTING INFORMATION.

NEW CUSTOMER (in barber shop).—What caused all that screaming that I heard just before I came in the room? Is there a dentist's office in the building?

BARBER (affably).—No; it was that last man I shaved. He did n't have no grit at all!

AN OPINION.

EDITH.—Jack says his father threatens to disinherit him.

MARIE.—That is a mere bluff to make you think his father has money.

HIS THEORY.

"Davy, what keeps the world from falling?"

"Why, th' sky's a big balloon, goosie!"



A REASONABLE REQUEST.

MISS JACKSON (fondly).—You am all de world to me, love.

MR. JOHNSON (feebly).—Den would yo' mind gittin' off de earth fo' a few minutes, 'till ah rest mah laigs?

NOBODY seems to care much whether he kisses the bride at a silver wedding or not.—*West Union Gazette.*

WHEN a doctor calls on a sick man, his wife always has a private consultation with him outside.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R

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BICYCLE LAMP ON THE MARKET.

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Sold by all dealers.
Price \$5
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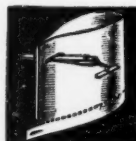
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HANDSOME PRACTICAL MECHANICAL

No oil, no wick, no smoke, no odor. Always
clean; cannot jar out. Cost of maintenance
nominal. Charged and re-charged in a minute.
Send for circular matter, containing detailed
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The "Calcium King" can be seen, also circular
matter and further information obtained at the
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Philadelphia—Randolph & Clowes, 320 Phila. Bank Bldg.
Chicago—Randolph & Clowes, 225 Lake St.
Cincinnati—Randolph & Clowes, Room 308 Neave Bldg.
For sale also by all branch houses of the Pope Mfg. Co.



A BUTTON HOOK

For Link Cuff Buttons.
—EARL CUFF BUTTONER.—Put
link buttons into cuffs. For men
and women. New and useful
Christmas gift. All stores or by
mail, nickel 10 cents, sterling 25
cents. Rand Bros., Equitable
Building, Boston, Mass.

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Who would prescribe only
tonics and bitters for a weak,
puny child? Its muscles and
nerves are so thoroughly ex-
hausted that they cannot be
whipped into activity. The
child needs food; a blood-
making, nerve-strengthening
and muscle-building food.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil is all of this,
and you still have a tonic in
the hypophosphites of lime
and soda to act with the food.
For thin and delicate children
there is no remedy superior
to it in the world. It means
growth, strength, plumpness
and comfort to them. Be sure
you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

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PURE and MELLOW,
The American Gentleman's Drink
FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

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Endorsed by Leading Physicians
When Stimulant is prescribed.

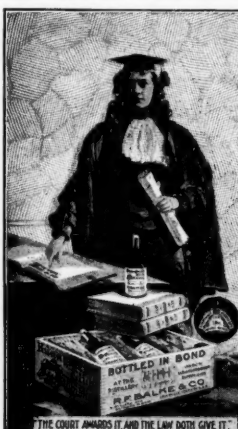
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First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure." WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



A KLONDIKE HEIRESS.

FIRST KLONDIKE MINER.—I hear that our neighbor, Spudkins, has married rich!
SECOND KLONDIKE MINER (evidently).—Yes; they say his bride has an independent fortune of
fifty cans of boneless ham, and twenty-five cans of condensed milk.



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IS BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER DIRECT
SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT. GUARANTEEING THE AGE
AND ABSOLUTE PURITY OF EACH AND
EVERY BOTTLE OF THIS PRODUCT AS
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DISTILLERS AND BOTTLERS IN BOND. LOUISVILLE, KY., U.S.A.

BUTCHER.—I have some nice canvasback ducks this morning.
MRS. NEWBIRD.—How lovely! How much are they a yard?—*Detroit Free Press.*



SEN-SEN

THROAT EASE
and
BREATH PERFUME

Good for Young and Old.

AT ALL DEALERS OR SENT ON
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ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A POLITICIAN appreciates "happy
returns" on election day rather more
than on Christmas.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

WHAT a good time a worm must have who
has found a home in the centre of a ripe peach!
—*Atchison Globe.*



25c. a Bundle,
10 in Bundle.
Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

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SEND 1, 2, 3 or 5 Dollars and Candles will be
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Style combined with comfort and
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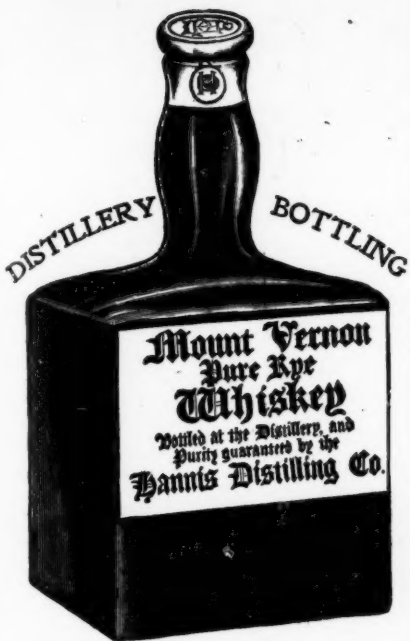
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Quality, Purity and Brill-
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Sole Agents for the United States.

LOST IN THE SCUFFLE.
"What in the world ever became of Watter's left ear?"
"They could never tell exactly. He was centre rush in the Tearems, you know."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The best regulator of the digestive organs and the best appetizer known, is *Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters*. Try it.

THERE are two classes of men who never profit by their mistakes — those who blame it on their wives, and those who lay it all to Providence.—*Ram's Horn.*



TRADE MARK ADOPTED JAN. 1881.
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E. C. HAZARD & CO., Dist. Agents,
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A HORRIBLE PRESENTIMENT.

BUSINESS MAN.—If I should commit murder, would my policy remain valid?
LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—Er—I'm not sure about that. But you don't expect to commit murder?
BUSINESS MAN.—Yes, I do. I feel it in my bones that I'll kill a life insurance agent some day.

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It makes strength—nourishes and refreshes and is a foe to fatigue. A health drink made of the nutritive parts of prime beef, delicately spiced and seasoned.

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immediate lasting efficacious agreeable

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—*Alchison Globe*.

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MAIL WAREROOMS:

"Well, I don't want to. I was merely showin' ye, how after havin' somebody smite me on one cheek I could turn the other. Good-day!"—*Washington Star.*

HIGH-PRICED DOCTOR. — You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten, twenty, thirty miles a day, sir; but your walking should have an object.

PATIENT. — All right, Doctor. I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill. — *New York Weekly*.

CORA.—I should think that Styles girl's eyes would burn.

CLARA. — Some one been talking about her?

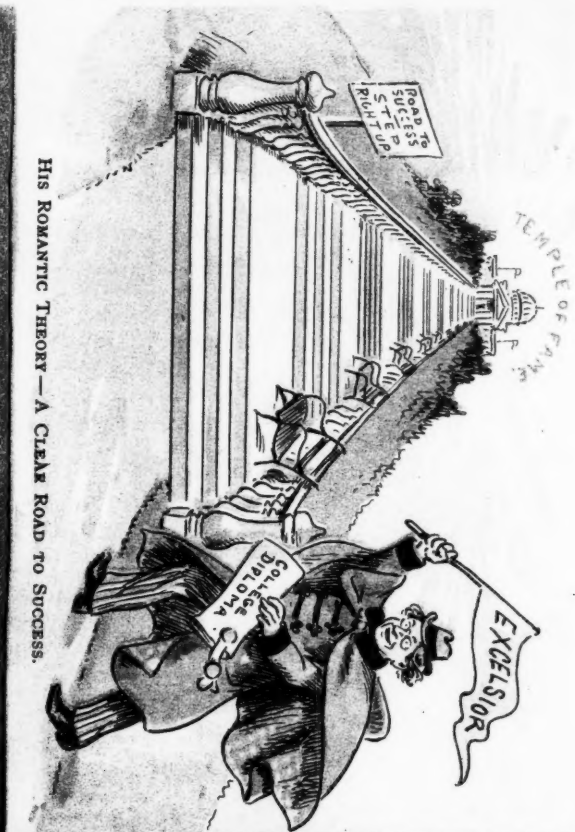
CORA.—Not that. She 's adopted the new style of wearing her hair down on the sides of her face, and you know what red hair she has!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

REPORTER.—How much do you want written about that dime-museum freak with a rubber neck?

EDITOR.—We're short of matter to-day, stretch it out to a column.—*Norristown Herald*.

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